



THE
TAMING
OF THE
SHREW.
A
COMEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.



LONDON:

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at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespear's-Head*, in *Change-
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M DCC XXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

A Lord, before whom the Play is suppos'd to be play'd.
Christopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.
Hostess.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on
the Lord.

The Persons of the Play itself, are

Baptista, Father to Katharina and Biancha, very rich.
Vincentio, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

Lucentio, Son to Vincentio, in Love with Biancha.

Petruchio, a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharina.

Gremio, } Pretenders to Biancha.
Hortensio, }

Tranio, } Servants to Lucentio.
Biondello, }

Grumio, Servant to Petruchio.

Pedant, an old Fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

Katharina, the Shrew.

Biancha, her Sister.

Widow.

Taylor, Haberdashers, with Servants attending on Baptista
and Petruchio.

SCENE in the latter End of the third,
and beginning of the fourth Act, in Petru-
chio's House in the Country; for the rest of
the Play in Padua.



T H E



T H E

Taming of the Shrew.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

S L Y.

L L pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue:

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard the Conqueror*; therefore *Paucus Pallabris* let the world slide: *Sessa*.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a deniere: go, by *St. Jeronimy*, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the headborough. [Exit.]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough. I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.]

Wind horns. *Enter a lord from hunting with a train.*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds,

Brach Merriman, the poor cur is imboss,
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd brach.

A 2

Saw't

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Saw'st thou not, boy, how silver made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the meekest loss,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool, if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all,
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd
with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in sweet cloaths? rings put upon his fingers
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar than forget himself?

Hun. Believe me, sir, I think he cannot chuse.

Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he
wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthless fancy
Then take him up, and manage well the jest: (c)
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And with a low submissive reverence,
Say, what is it your honour will command:
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers.

Another

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Another bear the ewer ; a third a diaper,
And say, wilt please your lordship cool your hands ?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease ;
Persuade him that he hath been lunatick,
And when he says he's poor, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord :
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs :
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hun. My lord, I warrant you we'll play our
As he shall think by our true diligence, (part.
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take up gently, and to bed with him ;
And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Sound trumpets.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.
Belike some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Enter servant.

How now ? who is it ?

Ser. An't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near :

Enter Players.

Now fellows you are welcome.

Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night ?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remem-
ber since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son ; (ber,
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :
I have forgot your name ; but sure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. I think 'twas *Soto* that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true, thou didst it excellent ;
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

A 3

There

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There is a lord will hear you play to Night;
 But I am doubtful of your modesties,
 Lest over-eying of his odd behaviour,
 (For yet his honour never heard a play)
 You break into some merry passion,
 And so offend him: For I tell you, sirs,
 If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves,
 Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
 Let them want nothing that the house affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,
 And see him drest in all suits like a lady:
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
 And call him madam, do him obeisance.
 Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
 He bear himself with honourable action,
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
 Unto their Lords, by them accomplished;
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
 With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
 And say; what is't your honour will command,
 Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
 May shew her duty, and make known her love?
 And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
 Who for these seven Years hath esteem'd himself
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar;
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An onion will do well for such a shift,
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
 Shall in despite enforce a watry eye.
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst,
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Serv.*]
 I know the boy will usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
 I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband,

And

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And how my men will stay themselves from laugh-
When they do homage to this single peasant; (ter,
I'll in to counsel them: haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extreams.

*Enter Sly with attendants, some with apparel, bason and
ewer, and other appurtenances.*

Sly. For God's sake a Pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup
of sack?

2 Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these
conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to
day?

Sly. I am *Christopher Sly*, call not me honour, nor
lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life? and if you
give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef:
ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no
more doublets than backs, no more stockings than
legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes
more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look
through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n cease this idle humour in your ho-
Oh that a mighty man of such descent, (nour,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit.

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I
Christopher Sly, old *Sly's* son of *Burton-Heath*, by birth
a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmu-
tation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a
tinker? ask *Marrion Hacker*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*,
if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen-
pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the
lying'st knave in christendom. What I am not be-
straught: here's-----

1 Man. Oh! this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Man. Oh this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred thun your
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. (house,
Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

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And banish hence these abject lowly dreams :
 Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
 Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark, *Apollo* plays, [*Musick*.
 And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
 Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.

Say thou wilt walk, we will bestow the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt,

Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow the earth.

1 Man. Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as
 As breathed stags; ay, fleetier than the roe. (swift

2 Man. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
Adonis, painted by a running brook, (thee straight
 And *Cirborea* all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,
 Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lorl. We'll shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid,
 And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
 As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Man. Or *Daphne* roaming thro' a thorny wood,
 Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
 And at the sight shall sad *Apollo* weep:

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful,
 Than any woman in this waining age.

1 M.n. And 'till the tears that she hath shed for
 Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face, (thee,
 She was the fairest creature in the world,
 And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?
 Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
 I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
 I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things:
 Upon my life I am a lord indeed,

And

And not a tinker, nor *Christophero Sly*.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,
And once again a pot o'th' smallest ale.

2 Man. Will't please your mightiness to wash your
Oh how we joy to see your wits restor'd, (hands;
Oh that once more you knew but what you are?
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or when you wak'd, you wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly
But did I never speak of all that time? (naps)

1 Man. Oh yes, my lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she bought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometime you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house,

3 Man. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up, (maid,
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Enter lady with attendants.

Sly. I thank thee, thou shalt not lose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Lady. Here, noble lord, what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,
I am your wife in all obedience. (band,

Sly. I know it well, what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or *Joan* madam!

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so lords call la-

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Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dreamt
And slept above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants leave me, and her alone
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Lady. Thrice, noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two :

Or if not so, until the sun be set ;

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed ;
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long
But I would be loath to fall into my dream again
I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and
the blood.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amend
Are come to play a pleasant comedy ; (ment
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing so much sadness hath congeal'd your blood
And melancholly is the nurse of phrenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play, is it not a com
monty, a *Christmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick ?

Lady. No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff

Sly. What, household-stuff ?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't :

Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger

Flourish. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair *Padua*, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful *Lombardy*,
'The pleasant garden of great *Italy*.

And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company.

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Most trusty servant well approv'd in all,
Here let us breath, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first
A merchant of great traffick thro' the world :
Vincenzio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincenzio's son, brought up in *Florence*,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply to, that treats of happiness,
By virtue specially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind, for I have *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plung him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself ;
Glad, that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy :
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray ;
Or so devote to *Aristotle's* checks,
As *Ovid* be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetorick in your common talk ;
Musick and poesie use to quicken you,
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
you :

No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en :
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise ;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in *Padua* shall beget:
But stay a while, what company is this ?

Tra.

Tra. Master, some shew to welcome us to town.

*Enter Baptista with Katharina and Bianca, Gremio
and Hortensio, Lucentio and Tranio stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me not farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you known:
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love *Katharina*,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me
There, there, *Hortensio*, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst those mates?

Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that?
No mates, for you;

Unless you were of gentler milder mould.

Kath. Ffaith, sir, you shall never need to fear,
I wis it is not half way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good lord deliver us,

Gre. And me too, good lord.

Tra. Hush, master, here's some good pastime
toward,

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see,
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, *Tranio*

Tra. Well said, master, mum, and gaze your fill

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, *Bianca* get you in
And let it not displease thee, good *Bianca*,
For I will love thee ne'er the less my girl.

Kath. A pretty Peat, it is best put finger in the eye
And she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by my self.

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Luc. Hark, *Tranio*. thou maist hear *Minerva* speak.

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange?

Sorry am I that our good will effects

Bianca's grief,

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptista*, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye, I am resolv'd:
Go in, *Bianca*.

And for I know she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry,
School-masters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, *Hortensia*,
Or signior *Gremio*, you know any such,
Prefer them hither, for to cunning men
I will be very kind and liberal,
To mine own children: in good bringing up,
And so farewell. *Katharina*, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*, [Ex.

Kath. Why, I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed hours, as tho',
Belike, I knew what to take,
And what to leave? ha!

[Exit.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts
are so good, here is none will hold you. Our love
is not so great, *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails
together and fast it fairly out. Our cake's dough on
both sides. Farewel; for the love I bear my sweet
Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to
teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him
to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior *Gremio*: but a word, I pray;
tho' the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd
parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both,
that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress,
and be happy rivals in *Bianca's* love, to labour and
effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre.

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Gre. I say a devil. Think'st thou, *Hortensio*, tho' her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, *Gremio*; tho' it pass your patience and mine to endure her lewd alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the high-crofs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples: come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet *Bianca*! happy man be his dole; he that runs fastest gets the ring; how say you, signior *Gremio*?

Gre. I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in *Padua* to begin the wooing that would throughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gre. and Hor. Manet Tra. and Lucen.*]

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible That love should on a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness,
And now in plainness to confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As *Anna* to the queen of *Carthage* was.

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo

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Luc. Gramercy, lad, go forward, this contents,
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the *Cretan* strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm, (sister
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, than 'tis time to stir him from his trance:
I pray awake, sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wit to atchieve her. Thus it
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd, (stands:
That 'till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home,
And therefore has she closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning school-masters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay marry, am I, sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand.

Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be school-master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio's* son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. *Bassa*, content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house.
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,

For

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For man or master : then it follows thus.
 Thou shalt be master, *Tranio*, in my stead ;
 Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
 I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
 Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so : *Tranio*, at once
 Uncase thee : take my colour'd hat and cloak,
 When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee,
 But I will charm him first to keep his Tongue.

Tra. So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 And I am tied to be obedient,
 For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;
 Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
 Altho', I think, 'twas in another sense,
 I am content to be *Lucentio*,
 Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio*, be so, because *Lucentio* loves :
 And let me be a slave t'atchieve that maid,
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been ? nay, how now, where are
 you ? master, has my fellow *Tranio* stoll'n your cloaths,
 or you stoll'n his, or both ? pray what's the news ?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither, 'tis no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow *Tranio* here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his :
 For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
 I kill'd a man, and fear I am descry'd :
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes ;
 While I make way from hence to save my Life.
 You understand me ?

Bion. Ay, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chain'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith boy, to have the next wish af-
 ter, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptista's* youngest
 hter.

But

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But firrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I
advise you use your manners discreetly in all kind
of Companies : when I am alone, why then I am
Luce ; but in all places else, your master *Lucentio*.

Luce. Tranio, let's go :

One thing more rests, that thy self execute,
To make one 'mong these wooers ; if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exe.*

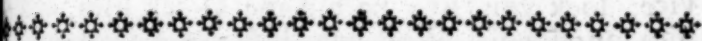
The Presenters above speak.

Man. My lord, you nod, you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by saint *Anne*, do I ; a good matter surely.
Come's there any more of it ;

Lady. My lord, 'tis but begun,

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam
Lady, would 'twere done. [*They sit and mark.*



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.

P E T R U C H I O.

*V*erona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in *Padua* ; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Mantensio ; and I trow this is the house.

Here firrah, *Grumio*, knock I say,

Gru. Knock, sir ? whom should I knock ? is there
any man has rebus'd your worship ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir ? why, sir, what am I, sir,
That I should knock you here sir ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome :

I should knock you first,

And then I know after, who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be ?

Faith, firrah, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll

I'll try how you can *Sol*, *Fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the E*

Gru. Help, mistress, help, my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: sirrah, villa

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*! how do you all at *Verona*.

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray? *Con tutti lo core bene trovato*, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto multo honorato signior* *Petruchio*.

Rise, *Grumio*, we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir: he bid me knock him, and knock him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to knock his Master so, being perhaps, for ought I see, to him and thirty, a Pip out?

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first, Then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain. Good *Hortensio*, I bid the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! spake you not these words plain? sirrah, knock me here, knock me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly, and come you now with knocking at the gate.

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. *Petruchio*, patience, I am *Grumio*'s pledge: Why this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient trusty pleasant servant *Grumio*; And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona*?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world To seek their fortunes farther than at home, (world wide) Where small experience grows but in a few. Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me, *Antonio* my father is deceased, And I must thrust my self into this maze, Haply to wive and thrive, at best I may:

The Taming of the Shrew. 19

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewed ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel,
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as us
Few words suffice; and therefore, if you know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife;
As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance;
Be she as foul as was *Florentius* love,
As old as *Sybil*, and as curst and shrewd
As *Socrates' Zantippe*, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affections edge in time. Where she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatick* seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is: why give him gold enough, and marry
him to a puppet, or an aglet baby, or an old trot
with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' she have as ma-
ny diseases as two and fifty horses; why nothing
comes amiss, so many comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest,
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is intolerable curs'd,
And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect;
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renowned in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, tho' I know not her,
And he knew my deaceas'd father well :
I will not sleep, *Hortensio*, 'till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word and she knew him as well as I do she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so: why that's nothing; and he begin once, he'll rail in his rope tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, and he stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in his face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: you know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,
For in *Baptista's* house my treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds he from me. Other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehears'd.
That ever *Katharina* will be woo'd ;
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* ta'en,
That none shall have access unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Katharina* the curs'd have got a husband.

Gru. *Katharine* the curs'd,
A title for maid; of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
The old *Baptista* as a school-master,
Well seen in musick to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected Court her by her self.

The Taming of the Shrew. 21

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguis'd.

Gr. Here's no knavery! see, to beguile the old
How the young folks lay their heads together [folks,
Master, look about you: who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, it is the rival of my love.

Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gr. A proper stripling, and an amorous.

Gre. O very well, I have perus'd the note.

Hark you, sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,

All books of love, see that at any hand;

And see you read no other lectures to her:

You understand me, over and beside

Signior *Baptista's* liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd,

For she is sweeter than perfume it self

To whom they go: what will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,

As for my patron, stand you so assured:

As firmly as your self were still in place,

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

Gr. Oh this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. *Grumio*, mum! God save you, signior *Gremio*:

Gre. And you are well met, signior *Hortensio*.

Trow you whither I am going? to *Baptista Minola*;

I promis'd to enquire carefully

About a school master for the fair *Bianca*,

And by good fortune I have lighted well

On this young man: for learning and behaviour

Fit for her turn, well read in poetry,

And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine-musician to instruct our mistress,

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me.

Gre.

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A fine-musician to instruct our mistress,

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me.

Gre.

Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curs'd *Katherine*,
Yea, and to marry her, if her Dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well;

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, sayest me so, friend? what countryman?

Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio's* son;

My father's dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days, and long to see.

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife were strange;
But if you have a stomach, to't a God's name,
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heav'ns artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched Battle heard
Loud Larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That give not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:

This Gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
and bear his charge of wooing whatsoever.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gre. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tran. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
to the house of signior *Baptista Minola*?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he
you mean?

Tran. Even he, *Biondello*.

Gre. Hark you, sir, you mean not her to---

Tran. Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?

Pet. Nor her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tran. I love no chiders, sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, *Tranio*.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:

are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or

Tran. And if I be, sir, is it any offence? (no;

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you
hence.

Tran. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
for me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tran. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
that she's the choice love of signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she's the chosen love of signior *Hortensio*.

Tran. Softly, my masters: if you be gentlemen,

do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

to whom my father is not all unknown,

and were his daughter fairer than she is,

she may more suitors have, and me for one.

For *Leda's* daughter had a thousand wooers,

then well may one more fair, *Bianca* have,

and so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,

tho' *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a
jade.

Pet.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see *Baptista's* daughter?

Tru. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the firff's for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour, to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more than *Alcides* twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth,
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest sister first be wed:

The younger than is free, and not before.

Tru. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you break the Ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the Elder, set the younger free,
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tru. Sir, I shall not be slack, in sign whereof,
Please ye, we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. Bian. O excellent motion: fellows, let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your *Benvenuto*. [Exeunt.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your
To make a bondmaid and slave of me; [self,
That I disdain: but for these other goods,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off my self,
Yea, all my raiment, to my Petticoat,
Or what you will command me will I do;

So well I know my Duty to my Elders.

Kath. Of all thy Sutors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'st best: See thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me Sister, of all the Men alive
I never yet beheld that special Face,
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest; is it not *Hortensio*?

Bian. If you affect him, Sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you my self, but you shall have him.

Kath. Oh then belike you fancy Riches more,
You will have *Gremio* to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while;
I prithee, Sister *Kate*, untie my Hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence grows this Inso-
Bianca, stand aside; poor Girl, she weeps; [lence?
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.

For shame, thou Hilding of a devilish Spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her Silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*]

Bap. What, in my sight? *Bianca*, get thee in. [*Ex. Bianca.*]

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? nay, now I see
She is your Treasure, she must have a Husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her Wedding-day,
And for your Love to her lead Apes in Hell:

Talk not to me, I will go fit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of Revenge. [*Exit Kath.*]

Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the Habit of a mean Man, Pe-
truchio with Hortensio like a Musician, Tranio and Si-
mondello bearing a Lute and Books.*

Gre. Good morrow, Neighbour *Baptista*.

Bap. Good morrow, Neighbour *Gremio*: God save you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir; Pray have you not a Daughter call'd *Katherina*, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a Daughter, Sir, call'd *Katharina*.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave. I am a Gentleman of *Verona*, Sir, That hearing of her Beauty and her Wit, Her Affability and bashful Modesty, Her wondrous Qualities, and mild Behaviour, Am bold to shew my self a forward Guest Within your House, to make mine Eye the Witness Of that Report, which I so oft have heard.

And for an entrance to my Entertainment, [*Presenting Hort*] I do present you with a Man of mine, Cunning in Musick, and the Mathematicks, To instruct her fully in those Sciences, Whereof I know she is not ignorant: Accept of him, or else you do me wrong, His Name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

Bap. Y'are welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake, But for my Daughter *Katharine*, this I know, She is not for your turn, the more's my Grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her, Or else you like not of my Company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find. Whence are you, Sir? What may I call your Name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my Name, *Antonio's* Son, A Man well known throughout all *Italy*.

Bap. I know him well: You are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your Tale, *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are poor Petitioners speak too. *Baccare*, you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse Your wooing. Neighbours this is a Gift Very grateful, I am sure of it: To express The like kindness of my self, that have been

More kindly beholding to you than any:
Free leave give unto this young Scholar, that hath
Been long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning [*Presenting Luc.*
In Greek, Latin, and other Languages,
As the other in Musick and Mathematicks;
His Name is *Cambio*; pray accept his Service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior *Gremio*:
Welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir,
Methinks you walk like a Stranger, [*To Tranio.*
May I be so bold, to know the Cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the Boldness is mine own,
That being a Stranger in this City here,
Do make my self a Suitor to your Daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, Fair and Virtuous:
Nor is your firm Resolve unknown to me,
In the Preferment of the eldest Sister.
This Liberty is all that I request,
That upon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free Access and Favour as the rest.
And toward the Education of your Daughters,
I here bestow a simple Instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin Books.
If you accept them, then their Worth is great.

Bap. *Lucentia* is your Name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of *Pisa*, Sir, Son to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mighty Man of *Pisa*; by Report
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.
Take you the Lute, and you the Set of Books,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these Gentlemen
To my two Daughters, and then tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them use them well.
We will go walk a little in the Orchard,
And then to Dinner. You are passing Welcome,
And so I pray you all to think your selves.
Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my Business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You know my Father well, and in him me,
 Left solely Heir to all his Lands and Goods,
 Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd ;
 Then tell me, if I get your Daughter's Love,
 What Dowry shall I have with her to Wife ?

Bap. After my Death, the one half of my Lands,
 And in possession twenty thousand Crowns.

Pet. And for that Dowry, I'll assure her of
 Her Widowhood, be it that she survive me,
 In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever;
 Let Specialities be therefore drawn between us,
 That Covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
 That is, her Love : for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing : For I tell you, Father,
 I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.

And where two raging Fires meet together,
 They do consume the thing that feeds their Fury.
 Tho' little Fire grows great with little Wind,
 Yet extream Gusts will blow out Fire and all :

So I to her, and so she yields to me,
 For I am rough, and woo not like a Babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed :
 But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as Mountains are for Winds,
 That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his Head broke.

Bap. How now my Friend, why dost thou look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my Daughter prove a good Musician ?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a Soldier ;

Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute ?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me ;
 I did but tell her she mistook her Frets,
 And bow'd her Hand to teach her Fingering,
 When, with a most impatient devilish Spirit,
 Frets call you them ? quoth she, I'll fume with them :
 And with that word she struck me on the Head,
 And through my Instrument my Pate made way,

And

And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillory, looking through the Lute;
While she did call me Rascal, Fidler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile Terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the World, it is a lusty Wench,
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh how I long to have some Chat with her.

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in Practice with my younger Daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my Daughter *Kate* to you?

Pet. I pray you do. I will attend her here,
[Exit. *Bap. Manet Petruchio.*

And woo her with some Spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As Morning Roses newly wash'd with Dew;
Say she be mute, and will not speak a Word,
Then I'll commend her Volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing Eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her Thanks,
As tho' she bid me stay by her a Week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the Day
When I shall ask the Banes, and when be married.
But here she comes, and now *Petruchio* speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good Morrow *Kate*, for that's your Name I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.

They call me *Katharine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the Curst:
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendom,
Kate of *Kate-ba'*, my Super-dainty *Kate*,
For Dainties are all *Kates*; and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my Consolation,
Hearing thy Mildness prais'd in every Town,

Thy Virtues spoke of, and thy Beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
My self am mov'd to woo thee for my Wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you
Remove you hence; I knew you at the first (hither,
You were a Moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a Moveable?

Kath. A join'd Stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; Come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

I et. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such Jade, Sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light——

Kath. Too light for such a Swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should! buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a Buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shall a Buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a Turtle, as he takes a Buzzard.

Pet. Come, come you Wasp, I'faith you are too an-
gry.

Kath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my Sting.

Pet. My Remedy is then to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the Fool could find it where it lyes.

Pet. Who knows not where a Wasp doth wear his Sting?
In his Tail.

Kath. In his Tongue.

Pet. Whose Tongue?

Kath. Yours if you talk of Tails, and so farewell.

I et. What, with my Tongue in your Tail?

Nay, come again, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

[*She strikes him.*]

Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your Arms.

If you strike me you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no Arms.

Pet. A Herald, *Kate*? Oh put me in thy Books.

Kath. What is your Crest, a Coxcomb?

Pet. A combleſs Cock, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kath. No Cock of mine, you crow too like a Craven:

Pet. Nay, come *Kate*; come, you muſt not look ſo ſower.

Kath. It is my Faſhion when I ſee a Crab.

Pet. Why here's no Crab, and therefore look not ſower.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhew it me,

Kath. Had I a Glaſs I would.

Pet. What, you mean my Face?

Kath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.

Pet. Now, by *St. George* I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with Cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you *Kate*. Inſooth you 'ſcape not ſo.

Kath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you paſſing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find Report a very Liar,

For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time Flowers.

Thou can'ſt not frown, thou can'ſt not look aſcance,

Nor bite the Lip, as angry Wenches will,

Nor haſt thou Pleaſure to be croſs in Talk:

But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy Wooers,

With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.

Why doth the World report that *Kate* doth limp?

Oh ſland'rous World: *Kate*, like the Hazle Twig,

Iſ ſtrait, and ſlender, and as brown in hue

As Hazle Nuts, and ſweeter than the Kernels.

Oh let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.

Kath. Go Fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

Pet. Did even *Dian* ſo become a Grove.

As *Kate* this Chamber with her princely Gaite?

O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And then let *Kate* be chaſt, and *Dian* ſportful.

Kath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly Speech?

Pet. It is *extempore* from my Mother-wit.

Kath. A witty Mother, witleſſe her Son.

Pet. Am I not wife?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry so I mean, sweet *Katharine*, in thy Bed:
And therefore setting all this Chat aside,
Thus in plain Terms: Your Father hath consented
That you shall be my Wife; your Dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a Husband for your turn,
For by this Light, whereby I see thy Beauty,
Thy Beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no Man but me.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

For I am he am born to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wild Cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other Household *Kates*;
Here comes your Father, never make Denial,
I must and will have *Katharine* to my Wife.

Bap. Now, Signior *Petrucchio*, how speed you with
my Daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? How but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why how now Daughter *Katharine*, in your
Dumps?

Kath. Call you me Daughter? Now I promise you
You have shew'd a tender fatherly Regard,
To wish me wed to one half Lunatick,
A madcap *Ruffian*, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with Oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; your self and all the World
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for Policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the Dove:
She is not hot, but temperate as the Morn;
For Patience she will prove a second *Grissel*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her Chastity.
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding Day.

Kate. I'll see thee hang'd on *Sunday* first.

Gre. Hark: *Petrucchio*, he says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your Speeding? Nay, then good night out
part.

Pet.

Pet. Be patient, Gentlemen, I chuse her for my self,

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain being alone,

That she shall still be curst in Company.

I tell you 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me; oh the kindest *Kate*!

She hung about my Neck, and kiss and kiss

She vy'd so fast, protesting Oath on Oath,

That in a twink she won me to her Love.

Oh you are Novices: 'tis a World to see

How tame, when Men and Women are alone,

A meacock Wretch can make the curstest Shrew;

Give me thy Hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,

To buy Apparel 'gainst the Wedding Day;

Provide the feast, Father, and bid the Guests,

I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give me your Hands,

God send you Joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a Match.

Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be Witnesses.

Pet. Father, and Wife, and Gentlemen, adieu,

I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,

We will have Rings and Things, and fine Array;

And kiss me *Kate*, we will be married a *Sunday*.

[*Ex. Petruchio and Katharina.*

Gre. Was ever Match clapt up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, Gentlemen, now I play a Merchant's Part,

And venture madly on a desperate Mart.

Tra. 'Twas a Commodity lay fretting by you,

I will bring you Gain, or perish on the Seas.

Bap. The Gain I seek, is quiet in the Match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet Catch:

But now *Baptista*, to your younger Daughter,

Now is the Day we have long looked for:

I am your Neighbour, and was Suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more

Than Words can witness, or your Thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so Dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard, thy Love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Bap. Slipper, stand back; 'Tis Age that nourisheth.

Tra. But Youth in ladies eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you Gentlemen, I will compound this
Strife;

'Tis Deeds must win the Prize, and he of both
That can assure my Daughter greatest Dower,
Shall have *Bianca's* Love.

Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my House within the City
Is richly furnished with Plate and Gold,
Basons and Ewers to lave her dainty Hands:
My Hangings all of *Tyrian* Tapestry;
In Ivory Coffers I have stuf't my Crowns;
In Cypress Chests my Arras, Counterpanes,
Costly Apparel, Tents and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, *Turkey* Cushions boss't with Pearl,
Vallens of *Venice* Gold, in Needle-work;
Fewter and Brass, and all things that belong
To House, or House-keeping: Then at my Farm
I have a hundred Milch-kine to the Pail,
Sixscore fat Oxen standing in my Stalls;
And all things answerable to this Portion.
My self am strook in Years, I must confess,
And if I die to Morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That only came well in: Sir, list to me;
I am my Father's Heir, and only Son;
If I may have your Daughter to my Wife,
I'll leave her Houses three or four as good,
Within rich *Pisa* Walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Besides two thousand Ducats by the Year
Of fruitful Land; all which shall be her Jointure.
What have I pinch'd you Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. Two thousand Ducats by the Year of Land!
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have, besides an *Argosie*
That now is lying in *Marsellies* Road.
What have I choak'd you with an *Argosie*?

Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis well known my Father hath no less
Than three great *Argosies*, besides two great *Galliaffes*,

And twelve tight Gallies; these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why then the Maid is mine from all the World
By your firm Promise? *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And let your Father make her the Assurance,
She is your own, else you must pardon me:

If you should die before him, where's her Dower?

Tra. That's but a Cavil, he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young Men die as well as old?

Bap. Well, Gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd,
On *Sunday* next, you know,

My Daughter *Katherine* is to be married:

Now on the *Sunday* following shall *Bianca*

Be Bride to you, if you make this Assurance;

If not, to Signior *Gremio*:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.

Gre. Adieu good Neighbour. Now I fear thee not:

Sirrah, young Gamester, your Father were a Fool

To give thee all; and in his waining Age

To set foot under thy Table: tut, a Toy;

An old *Italian* Fox is not so kind my Boy. [Exit.

Tra. A Vengeance on your crafty withered Hide;

Yet I have fac'd it with a Card of ten:

'Tis in my Head to do my Master good;

I see no Reason, but suppos'd *Lucentio*

May get a Father call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*;

And t'at's a Wonder; Fathers commonly

Do get their Children; but in this Case of wooing,

A Child shall get a Sire, if I fail not of my Cunning.

[Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. **F**idler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you so soon forgot the Entertainment
Her Sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withal?

Hr. But wangling Pedant, this is
The Patroness of Heav'nly-Harmony;
Then give me leave to have Prerogative;
And when in Musick we have spent an Hour,
Your Lecture shall have Leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous Ass, that never read so far,
To know the cause why Musick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the Mind of Man
After his Studies, or his usual Pain?
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your Harmony.

Hr. Sirrah, I will not bear these Braves of thine.

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double Wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my Choice:
I am no breeching Scholar in the Schools;
I'll not be ty'd to Hours, nor pointed Times,
But learn my Lessons as I please my self;
And to cut off all Strife, here sit we down,
Take you your Instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hr. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in Tune?

Luc. That will be never: Tune your Instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, As I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lu-
centio, hic est*, Son unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tellus*,
disguised thus to get your Love, *hic steterat*, and that *Lu-
centio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my Man *Tranio*,
regia, bearing my Port, *celsa senis*, that we might be-
guile the old Pantaloon.

Hr.

Hor. Madam, my Instrument's in tune,

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the Treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the Hole, Man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the Base.

Hor. The Base is right; 'tis the base Knave that jars. How fiery and froward our *Pedant* is!

Now for my Life that Knave doth court my Love;

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet:

Intime I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*

Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his Grandfather.

I must believe my Master, else I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that Doubt;

But let it rest. Now *Licio* to you:

Good Masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My Lessons make no Musick in three Parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, 'Sir? well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,

Our fine Musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the Instrument.

To learn the Order of my Fingering,

I must begin with Rudiments of Art,

To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my Trade;

And there it is in Writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my *Gamut* long ago.

Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Gamut* I am, the Ground of all Accord,

Are, to plead *Hortensio's* Passion,

Beeme, *Bianca*, take him for thy Lord,

Claudio, that loves thee with all Affection,

D sol re, one Cliff, two Notes have I,

Elami. Show Pity, or I die.

Call you this *Gamut*? Tut, I like it not;
Old Fashions please me best; I am not so nice
To change true Rules for new Inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your Father prays you leave your Books,
And help to dress your Sister's Chamber up;
You know to Morrow is the Wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet Masters both; I must be gone. [Ex.

Luc. Faith Mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [Ex.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this Pedant;
Methinks he looks as tho' he were in love:
Yet if Thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble
To cast thy wandering Eyes on every Stale;
Seize thee that list; if once I find thee ranging,
Hurtensio will be quit of thee by changing. [Exit.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Lucentio,
Bianca, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed Day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married;
And yet we hear not of our Son-in-law.
What will be said? what Mockery will it be,
To want the Bridegroom when the Priest attends
To speak the ceremonial Rites of Marriage?
What says *Lucentio* to this Shame of ours?

Kath. No Shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my Hand oppos'd against my Heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of Spleen.
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you I, he was a frantick Fool.
Hiding his bitter Jest in blunt Behaviour:
And to be noted for a merry Man,
He'll woo a thousand, point the Day of Marriage,
Make Friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the Banes,
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the World point at poor *Katherine*,
And say, lo there is mad *Petruchio's* Wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Katherine*, and *Baptista* too;
Upon my Life *Petruchio* means but well,

What-

Whatever Fortune stays him from his word,
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Katb. Would *Katherine* had never seen him tho'.

[Exit weeping.]

Bap. Go, Girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an Injury would vex a Saint,
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient Humour.

Enter *Biondello*.

Bion. Master, Master, old News, and such News as
you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not News to hear of *Petruchio's* coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine old News?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is coming in a new Hat and an old Jerkin; a Pair of old Breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of Boots that have been Candle-Cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty Sword ta'en out of the Town-Armory, with a broken Hilt, and Chapeless, with two broken Points, his Horse hip'd with an old mothy Saddle, the Stirrops of no Kindred; besides possess'd with the Glanders, and like to mose in the Chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the Fashions, full of Windgalls, sped with Spavins, raied with the Yellows, past Cure of the Fives, stark spoiled with the Staggars, begnawn with the Bots, waid in the Back, and shoulder-shotten, near-leg'd before, and with a half check'd Bit, and a Headstall of Sheep's Leather, which being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with Knots; one Girt six times piec'd, and a Woman's Crupper of Velure, which hath two Letters for her Name, fairly set down in Studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion.

Bion. Oh Sir, his Lackey, for all the World caparison'd like the Horle, with a linnen Stocking on one Leg, and a kersey Boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue List, an old Hat, and the Humour of forty Fancies prickt up in it for a Feather: A Monster, a very Monster in Apparel, and not like a Christian Foot-boy, or Gentleman's Lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd Humour pricks him to this Fashion; Yet ostentimes he goes but mean Apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I say his Horle comes with him on his Back.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a Penny
A Horle and a Man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, where be these Gallants, who's at Home?

Bap. You are welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well Apparell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely Bride?
How does my Father? Gentles, methinks you frown,
And wherefore gaze this goodly Company,
As if they saw some wondrous Monument,
Some Comet, or unusual Prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your Wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this Habit, shame to your Estate,
An Eye-sore to our solemn Festival.

Tra. And tell us what Occasion of Import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your Wife,
And sent you hither so unlike your self?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth I am come to keep my Word,

Tho' in some Part enforced to digress,
Which at more Leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her;
The Morning wears; 'tis time we were at Church.
Tra. See not your Bride in these unreverent Robes;
Go to my Chamber, put on Cloaths of mine.
Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll visit her.
Bap. Eut thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with
Words;

To me she's married, not unto my Clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor Accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my self.
But what a Fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good Morrow to my Bride,
And seal the Title with a lovely Kiss? [Exit.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better e're he go to Church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the Event of this. [Exit.

Tra. But, Sir, Love concerneth us to add
Her Father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As before I imparted to your Worship,
I am to get a Man, what e'er he be
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our Turn,
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make Assurance here in *Padua*,
Of greater Sums than I have promised:
So shall you quietly enjoy your Hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with Consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow School-master
Doth watch *Bianca*'s Steps so narrowly,
'Twere good methinks to steal our Marriage;
Which once perform'd let all the World say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the World.

Tra. That by Degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our Vantage in this Business:
We'll over-reach the Gray-beard *Gremio*.

The narrow prying Father *Minola*,
The quaint Musician amorous *Licio*;
All for my Master's sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from School.

Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A Bridegroom say you? 'Tis a Groom indeed,
A grumbling Groom, and that the Girl shall find.

Tra. Curister than she? why tis impossible.

Gre. Why he's a Devil, a Devil, a very Fiend.

Tra. Why she's a Devil, a Devil, the Devil's Dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a Lamb, a Dove, a Fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*, when the Priest
Should ask if *Katherine* should be his Wife?

Ay, by Gogs-woons, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the Book;

And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him such a Cuff,
That down fell Priest and Book, and Book and Priest.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the Wench, when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many Ceremonies done,

He calls for Wine: A Health, quoth he; as if
He had been Aboard carowzing to his Mates
After a Storm; quast off the Muscadel,

And threw the Sops all in the Sexton's Face;

Having no other Reason, but that his Beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
His Sops as he was drinking. This done, he took

The Bride about the Neck, and kist her Lips

With such a clamorous Smack, that at the Parting

All the Church did Echo; and I seeing this,

Came thence for very Shame; and after me

I know the Rout is coming: Such a mad Marriage

Never was before. Hark, hark, I hear the Minstrels play.

[*Musick plays.*]

Enter

The Taming of the Shrew.

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Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Hortensio, and
Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and Friends, I thank you for your
Pains:

I know you think to dine with me to Day,
And have prepar'd great Store of wedding Cheer;
But so it is, my Haste doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my Leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to Night?

Pet. I must away to Day, before Night come:
Make it no Wonder; if you knew my Business,
You would intreat me rather go than stay.
And honest Company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my self
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous Wife:
Dine with my Father, drink a Health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay 'till after Dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall intreat me stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. *Grumio*, my Horses.

Gr. Ay, Sir, they be ready; the Oat have eaten the Horses.

Kath. Nay then

Do what thou canst, I will not go to Day;
Nor nor to Morrow, nor 'till I please my self:
The Door is open, Sir, there lyes your Way,
You may be jogging whiles your Boots are green,
For me, I'll not be gone 'till I please my self:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly Groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prethee be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; what hast thou to do?

Father be quiet; he shall stay my Leaseure.

Gre. Ay, marry Sir, now it begins to work.

Kath.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridal-dinner.
I see a Woman may be made a Fool,
If she had not a Spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy Command.
Obey the Bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the Feast, revel and domineer;
Carowse full Measure to her Maiden-head;
Be mad and merry, or go hang your selves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be Master of what is mine own;
She is my Goods, my Chattles, she is my House,
My Household Stuff, my Field, my Barn,
My Horse, my Ox, my Ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her who ever dare;
I'll bring my Action on the proudest he,
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,
Draw forth thy Weapon; we are beset with Thieves;
Rescue thy Mistress if thou be a Man:
Fear not, sweet Wench, they shall not touch thee, *Kate*;
I'll buckler thee against a Million.

[*Exe. Pet. and Kath.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with Laughing.

Tra. Of all mad Matches, never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your Opinion of your Sister?

Bian. That being mad her self, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bridegroom wants

For to supply the Places at the Table;

You know there wants no Junkets at the Feast:

Jucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroom's Place.

And let *Bianca* take her Sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practice how to Bride it?

Bap. She shall, *Jucentio*: Come, Gentlemen, let's go
[*Exeunt*]

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired Jades, on all mad Masters
and all foul ways: Was ever Man so beaten? was ever
Ma

Man so raide? was ever Man so weary? I am sent before
to make a Fire, and they are coming after to warm them:
Now were I not a little Pot, and soon hot, my very Lips
might freeze to my Teeth, my Tongue to the Roof of my
Mouth, my Heart in my Belly, ere I should come by a
Fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the Fire shall warm
my self; for considering the Weather, a taller Man than
will take cold: Holla, ho, *Curtis*!

Enter Curtis.

Cur. Who is it that calls so coldly?

Gru. A Piece of Ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide
from my Shoulder to my Heel, with no greater a run but
my head and my Neck. A Fire, good *Curtis*.

Curt. Is my Master and his Wife coming, *Grumio*?

Grum. Oh ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore Fire, Fire,
cast on no Water.

Curt. Is she so hot a Shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before the Frost; but thou
now'st Winter tames Man, Woman and Beast, for it hath
am'd my old Master, and my new Mistress, and my self,
allow *Curtis*.

Curt. Away, you three inch'd Fool; I am no Beast.

Gru. Am I but three Inches? why thy Horn is a Foot,
and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a Fire,
or shall I complain on thee to our Mistress, whose Hand,
being now at Hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold
Comfort, being slow in thy hot Office.

Curt. I prethee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the
World?

Gru. A cold World, *Curtis*, in every Office but thine;
and therefore Fire: Do thy Duty, and have thy Duty;
for my Master and Mistress are almost frozen to Death.

Curt. There's Fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*,
be News.

Gru. Why, *Jack Boy*, ho Boy, and as much News as
you wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of Conycatching.

Gru. Why therefore Fire; for I have caught extream
cold. Where's the Cook? Is Supper ready, the House
stumm'd, Rushes strew'd, Cobwebs swept, the Serving-
men

men in their new Fustians, their white Stockings, and every Officer his wedding Garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, Carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: And therefore I pray thee what News?

Gru. First, know my Horse is tired, my Master and Mistress fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their Saddles into the Dirt; and thereby hangs a Tale.

Curt. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine Ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Strikes him*]

Curt. This is to feel a Tale, not to hear a Tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible Tale: and this Cuff was but to knock at your Ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul Hill, my Master riding behind my Mistress.

Curt. Both on one Horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why a Horse.

Gru. Tell thou the Tale. But hadst thou not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her Horse fell, and she under her Horse; thou should'st have heard in how miery a place, and how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the Horse upon her, how he beat me because her Horse stumbled, how she waded through the Dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the Horses ran away, how her Bridle was burst, how I lost my Crupper; with many things of worthy Memory, which now shall lie in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy Grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more Shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joseph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugerfop*, and the rest: Let their Heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue Coats brush'd, and their Garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsie with their left Legs, and not presume

presume to touch a hair of my Master's Horse Tail, 'till they kiss their Hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear ho? You must meet my Master, to Countenance my Mistress.

Gru. Why she hath a Face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou it seems, that call'st for Company to Countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to Credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home, *Grumio*.

Phil. How now, *Grumio*?

Jos. What *Grumio*!

Nic. Fellow *Grumio*!

Nath. How now, old Lad.

Gru. Welcome you; how now you; what you; follow you; and thus much for Greeting. Now, my spruce Companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nat. All things are ready; how near is our Master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not — Cocks Passion, silence, I hear my Master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these Knaves? What, no Man at Door to hold my Stirrup, nor to take my Horse? Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*?

All Ser. Here here, Sir, here, Sir.

Pet. Here Sir, here Sir, here Sir, here Sir?

You loggerheaded and unpolish'd Grooms:

What? no Attendance? no Regard? no Duty?

Where is the foolish Knave I sent before?

Gru. Here Sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You Peasant Swain, you Whoreson, Malt-horse Drudge,

Did not I bid thee meet me in the Park,

And bring along the rascal Knaves with thee?

Gru. *Nathaniel's* Coat, Sir, was not fully made:

And *Gabriel's* Pumps were all unpin'd i' th' Heel:

There

There was no Link to colour *Peter's Hat*,
 And *Walter's Dagger* was not come from sheathing:
 There were none fine, but *Adam, Ralph,* and *Gregory*,
 The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly,
 Yet as they are, they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, Rascals, go and fetch my Supper in.

[*Exit Servants*]

Where is the Life that late I led?
 Where are thole? — Sit down *Kate*,
 And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why then I say? Nay, good sweet *Kate* be merry.
 Off with my Boots, you Rogue: You Villains when?

It was the Friar of Orders grey, [*Sings*]
As he forth walked on his way.

Out you Rogue, you pluck my Foot awry.
 Take that, and mind the plucking off the other. [*Strikes him*]
 Be merry, *Kate*: Some Water here; what ho.

Enter one with Water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirrah, get you hence,
 And bid my Cousin *Ferdinand* come hither:
 One, *Kate*, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
 Where are my Slippers? shall I have some Water?
 Come *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily:
 You whoreson Villain, will you let it Fall?

Kat. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flat-ear'd Knave:
 Come, *Kate*, sit down, I know you have a Stomach.
 Will you give Thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I?
 What's this, Mutton?

1 Ser. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the Meat:
 What Dogs are these? where is the rascal Cook?
 How durst you, Villains, bring it from the Dresser,
 And serve it thus to me that love it not?
 There, take it to you, Trenchers, Cups and all:

[*Throws the Meat, &c. about the Stage*]

You heedless Jolt-heads, and unmanner'd Slaves.
 What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Ka

Kat. I pray you, Husband, be not so dilquiet,
The Meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it :

For it engenders Choler, planteth Anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of our selves, our selves are Cholerick,
Than feed it with such over-roasted Flesh :

Be patient, to morrow't shall be mended,
And for this Night we'll fast for Company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy Bridal Chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. *Peter*, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own Humour.

Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, a Servant.

Curt. In her Chamber, making a Sermon of Contineny
to her, and rails, and swears, and rates; and she, poor Soul,
knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak, and
sits as one new risen from a Dream. Away, away, for
he is coming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my Reign;

And 'tis my hope to end successfully :

My Fauleon now is sharp, and passing empty,

And 'till she stoop, she must not be fullgorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her Lure.

Another way I have to man my Haggard,

To make her come, and know her Keeper's call :

That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,

That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no Meat to Day, nor none shall eat.

Last Night she slept not, nor to Night shall not :

As with the Meat, some undeserved Fault

I'll find about the making of the Bed.

And here I'll fling the Pillow, there the Bolster,

This way the Coverlet, another way the Sheets ;

ay, and amid this hurly I'll pretend,

That all is done in reverend Care of her,

And in conclusion, she shall watch all Night,

C

And

And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,
 And with the Clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a Wife with Kindness,
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong Humour.
 He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
 Now let him speak, 'tis Charity to shew.

[Exit

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, Friend *Licio*, that Mistress *Bianca*
 Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?

I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfie you in what I have said,
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, Mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What Master read you first, resolve me that?

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art of Love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, Master of your Art.

Luc. While you, sweet Dear, prove Mistress of my Heart

Hor. Quick Proceeders marry; now tell me I pray
 you that durst swear that your Mistress *Bianca* lov'd none
 in the World so well as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Oh despightful Love, unconstant Womankind!
 I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,
 Nor a Musician, as I seem to be,
 But one that scorn to live in this Disguise,
 For such a one as leaves a Gentleman,
 And makes a God of such a Cullion;
 Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
 Of your entire Affection to *Bianca*,
 And since mine Eyes are witness of her Lightness,
 I will with you, if you be so contented,
 Forswear *Bianca* and her Love for ever.

Hor. See how they kiss and court. Signior *Lucentio*,
 Here is my Hand, and here I firmly vow
 Never to woo her more, but do forswear her
 As one unworthy all the former Favours
 That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned Oath,
Never to marry with her, tho' she would entreat.
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the World but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keep mine Oath, [her.
I will be married to a wealthy Widow,
Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful Haggard.
And so farewell, Signior *Lucentio*.

Kindness in Women, nor their beauteous Looks,
Shall win my Love; and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit. *Hor.*

Tra. Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such Grace,
As longeth to a Lover's blessed Case:
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Tranio*, you jest: But have you both forsworn
me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio*.

Tra. I'faith he'll have a lusty Widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him Joy.

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, *Tranio*.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming School.

Bian. The taming School? What is there such a Place?

Tra. Ay, Mistress, and *Petruchio* is the Master,
That teacheth Tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a Shrew, and charm her chattering Tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bian. Oh Master, Master, I have watch'd so long,
That I am Dog-weary; but at last I 'spied
An ancient Angel coming down the Hill
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello*?

Bian. Master, a Marcantant, or a Pedant;
I know not what; but formal in Apparel;
His Gate and Countenance surly, like a Father.

Luc. And what of him, *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my Tale,
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,
And give Assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio* :
Take me your Love, and then let me alone.

[*Ex. Luc. and Bianca.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir.

Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a Week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;
And so to *Tripoly*, if God lend me Life.

Tra. What Countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir? marry God forbid;
And come to *Padua*, careless of your Life?

Ped. My Life, Sir; how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis Death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*; know you not the Cause?
Your Ships are staid at *Venice*, and the Duke,
For private Quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, Sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have Bills for Money by Exchange
From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you Courtesie,
This will I do, and this I will advise you;
First tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa*?

Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Pisa* have I often been;
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A Merchant of incomparable Wealth.

Tra. He is my Father, Sir; and sooth to say,
In Count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

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Bion. As much as an Apple doth an Oyster, and all one. [Aside

Tra. To save your Life in this Extremity,
This Favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your Fortunes
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio* :
His Name and Credit shall you undertake,
And in my House you shall be friendly Lodg'd :
Look that you take upon you as you should.
You understand me, Sir : So shall you stay
'Till you have done your Business in the City.
If this be Court'sie, Sir, accept of it:

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do, and will repute you ever
The Patron of my Life and Liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good :
This by the way I let you understand,
My Father is here look'd for every Day,
To pass assurance of a Dowre in Marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptista's* Daughter here :
In all these Circumstances I'll instruct you :
Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you. [Exeunt



A C T V. . S C E N E I.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. **N**O, no, Forsooth, I dare not for my Life.

Kath. The more my Wrong ; the more his
Spite appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my Father's Door,
Upon intreaty, have a present Alms ;
If not, elsewhere they meet with present Charity :
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed, that I should intreat.
Am starv'd for Meat, giddy for lack of Sleep ;
With Oaths kept waking, and with Brawling fed ;
And that which spights me more than all these Wants,

He does it under name of perfect Love ;
 As who would say, if I should sleep or eat
 'Twere deadly Sickness, or else present Death ;
 I prethee go, and get me some Repast ;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome Food.

Gru. What say you to a Neat's Foot ?

Kath. 'Tis passing good ; I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too Flegmatick a Meat :
 How say you to a fat Tripe finely broil'd ?

Kath. I like it well ; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell, I fear it is Cholerick :
 What say you to a piece of Beef and Mustard ?

Kath. A Dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then the Beef, and let the Mustard rest.

Gru. Nay then I will not ; you shall have the Mustard,
 Or else you get no Beef of *Grumio*.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the Mustard without the Beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding Slave,
 [Beats him]

That feed'st me with the very name of Meat :
 Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you
 That triumph thus upon my Misery.
 Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with Meat.

Pet. How fares my *Kate* ? What, Sweeting, all amorr ?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath. 'Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy Spirits ; look cheerfully upon me ;
 Here Love, thou seest how diligent I am,
 To dress thy Meat my self, and bring it thee ;
 I am sure sweet *Kate*, this Kindness merits thanks.
 What, not a Word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not :
 And all my Pains is sorted to no proof.
 Here take away the Dish.

Kath. I pray you let it stand.

Pet. The poorest Service is repaid with Thanks,
 And so shall mine before you touch the Meat.

Kate. I thank you, Sir.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are to blame:
Come, *Mistress Kate*, I'll bear you Company.

Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me,
Much good do it unto thy gentle Heart;

Kate, eat apace. And now my honey Love,
Will we return unto thy Father's Houe,

And Revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken Coats, and Caps, and golden Rings,

With Ruffs, and Cuffs, and Fardingals, and things:

With Scarfs, and Fans, and double change of Brav'ry,

With Amber Bracelets, Beads and all this Knav'ry.

What, hast thou din'd? The Taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy Body with his ruffling Treasure.

Enter Taylor.

Come, Taylor, let us see these Ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the Gown. What News with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the Cap your Worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a Forrenger,

A Velvet Dish; Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why 'tis a Cockle or a Wallnut-shell,

A Knack, a Toy, a Trick, a Baby's Cap.

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Katb. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,

And Gentlewomen wear such Caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

Katb. Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,

And speak I will. I am no Child, no Babe,

Your Betters have endur'd me say my Mind;

And if you cannot, best you stop your Ears.

My Tongue will tell the Anger of my Heart,

Or else my Heart concealing it will break:

And rather than it shall, I will be free,

Even to the uttermost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou say'st true, it is a paltry Cap,

A custard Coffin, a Bauble, a silken Pie,

I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

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Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the Cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy Gown? why ay; come, Taylor, let us see't
O mercy Heav'n, what masking Stuff is here?
What? this a Sleeve? 'tis like a Demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an Apple-Tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,
Like to a Censer in a Barber's Shop:
Why what a Devil's name, Taylor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see she's like to have neither Cap nor Gown:

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the Fashion of the Time.

Pet. Marry and did: But if you be remembered,
I did not bid you marr it to the Time.
Go hop me over every Kenrel home,
For you shall hop without my Custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd Gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a Puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he means to make a Puppet of thee.

Tay. She says your Worship means to make a Puppet
of her.

Pet. Oh most monstrous Arrogance!
Thou lye'st, thou Thread, thou Thimble,
Thou Yard, three Quarters, half Yard, Quarter, Nail,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter Cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own House with a Skein of Thread!
Away, thou Rag, thou Quantity, thou Remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy Yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her Gown.

Tay. Your Worship is deceiv'd, the Gown is made
Just as my Master had Direction.

Grumio gave Order how it should be done:

Gru. I gave him no Order, I gave him the Stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with Needle and Thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it Cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: Thou hast brav'd many Men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the Gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. Ergo thou liest.

Tay. Why here is a note of the Fashion to testifie.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The Note lies in's Throat, if he say I did so.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose bodied Gown.

Gru. Master, If ever I said loose-bodied Gown, sow me in the Skirts of it, and beat me to Death with a Bottom of brown Thread: I said a Gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compact Cape.

Gru. I confess the Cape.

Tay. With a Trunk Sleeve.

Gru. I confess two Sleeves.

Tay. The Sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the Villany.

Gru. Error i'th Bill, Sir, Error i'th Bill: I commanded the Sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again, and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little Finger be armed in a Thimble.

Tay. This is true that I say, and I had thee in Place where, thou should'st know it

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the Bill, give me thy mete Yard, and spare not me.

Her. God-a-mercy, *Grumio*, then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the Gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th'right, Sir, 'tis for my Mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy Master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy Life: Take up my Mistress's Gown for thy Master's use!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your Conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the Conceit is deeper than you think for; Take up my Mistress's Gown unto his Master's use?

Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the Taylor paid. [*Aside*.
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy Gown to morrow,
Take no unkindness of his hasty Words:

Away I say, commend me to thy Master. [*Exit. Tayl.*]

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will unto your Father's,

Even in these honest mean Habilliments;

Our Purfes shall be proud, our Garments poor;

For 'tis the Mind that makes the Body rich.

And as the Sun breaks through the darkeſt Clouds,

So Honour peereth in the meaneſt Habit.

What is the Jay more precious than the Lark,

Because his Feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the Adder better than the Eel,

Because his painted Skin contents the Eye?

Oh no good *Kate*, neither art thou the worſe

For this poor Furniture, and mean Array.

If thou account'ſt it Shame, lay it on me;

And therefore Frolick, we will hence forthwith.

To Feaſt and Sport us at thy Father's Houſe.

Go call my Men, and let us ſtraight to him,

And bring our Horſes unto *Long-Lane* end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on Foot.

Let's ſee, I think 'tis now ſome ſeven a Clock,

And well we may come there by Dinner time.

Kath. I do aſſure you, Sir, 'tis almoſt two:

And 'twill be Supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It ſhall be ſeven ere I go to Horſe:

Look what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,

You are ſtill croſſing it; Sirs, let's alone,

I will not go to day, and ere I do,

It ſhall be what a Clock I ſay it is.

Hor. Why ſo: this Gallant will command the Sun.

[*Exeunt Pet. Kath. and Hor.*]

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dreſt like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the Houſe, pleaſe it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what elſe, and but I be deceived,

Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me

Near twenty Years ago in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where we were Lodgers at the *Pegaſus*:

'Tis well, and hold your own in any caſe

With ſuch Aſterity as longeth to a Father.

Enter

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, Sir, here comes your Boy; I were good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him; Sirrah *Biondello*,
Now do your Duty thoroughly I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy Errand to *Baptista*?

Bion. I told him that your Father was in *Venice*.
And that you look'd for him in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall Fellow, hold thee that to drink,
Here comes *Baptista*, set your Countenance, Sir.

Enter *Baptista* and *Lucentio*.

Tra. Signior *Baptista*, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the Gentleman I told you of;
I pray you stand, good Father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my Patrimony.

Ped. Soft, Son. Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in some Debts, my Son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty Cause
Of Love between your Daughter and himself:
And for the good Report I hear of you,
And for the Love he beareth to your Daughter,
And she to him; to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good Father's Care
To have him match'd, and if you please to like
No worse than I, Sir, upon some Agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,
Your Plainness and your Shortness please me well:
Right true it is, your Son *Lucentio* here
Doth love my Daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their Affections:
And therefore if you say no more than this,
That like a Father you will deal with him,
And pass my Daughter a sufficient Dowry,
The Match is made, and all is done,

Your

Your Son shall have my Daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir, where then you do know best
 Be we affied, and such assurance ta'en,
 As shall with either Parts Agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my Houle, *Lucentio*, for you know
 Pitchers have Ears, and I have many Servants?
 Besides old *Gremio* is hearkning still,
 And haply we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my Lodging, and it like you, Sir;
 There doth my Father lye; and there this Night
 We'll pass the Business privately and well:
 Send for your Daughter by your Servant here,
 My Boy shall fetch the Scrivener presently.
 The worst is this, that at so slender warning,
 You are like to have a thin and slender Pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.

Cambio, hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her ready
 straight:

And if you will, tell what hath happen'd,
Lucentio's Father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
 And how she's like to be *Lucentio's* Wife.

Luc. I pray the Gods she may with all my Heart. [Exit]

Tra. Dally not with the Gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptista*, shall I lead the way?
 Welcome! one Mess is like to be your Cheer.
 Come, Sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you.

[Exit]

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio*.

Luc. What say'st thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. You saw my Master wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but has left me here behind to
 expound the Meaning or Moral of his Signs and Tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Bion. Then thus, *Baptista* is false talking with the de
 ceiving Father, of a deceitful Son.

Luc. And what of him?

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Bion. His Daughter is to be brought by you to the Supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Priest at St. *Luke's* Church is at your Command at all Hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit Assurance; take you Assurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad Imprimendum solum*, to th' Church take the Priest, Clark, and some sufficient honest Witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a Wench married in an Afternoon as she went to the Garden for Parsley to stuff a Rabbit, and so may you, Sir: And so adieu, Sir; my Master hath appointed me to go St. *Luke's* to bid the Priest be ready to come, against you come with your Appendix. [Exit.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should we doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It shall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. [Exit.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on a God's name, once more towards our Father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the Moon.

Kath. The Moon the Sun; it is not Moon-light now.

Pet. I say it is the Moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the Sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my Mother's Son, and that's my self, It shall be Moon or Star, or what I list, Or'er I journey to your Father's House: Go on, and fetch our Horses back again. Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward I pray, since we have come so far, And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you please: And if you please to call it a Rush Candle, Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet.

Pet. I say it is the Moon.

Kath. I know it is the Moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the blessed Sun.

Kath. Then God be blest, it is the blessed Sun.
But Sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the Moon changes even as your Mind.
What will you have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be so, for *Katherine*.

Hor. *Petruchio* go thy way, the Field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the Bowl should run;
And not unluckily against the Bias:
But soft, Company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle Mistrefs, where away? [To *Vin.*
Tell me, sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such war of white and red between her Cheeks:
What Stars do spangle Heav'n with such Beauty,
As those two Eyes become that heav'nly Face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for Beauties sake.

Hor. He will make the Man mad to make a Woman of him.

Kath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy Aboad?
Happy the Parents of so fair a Child;
Happier the Man whom favourable Stars
Allots thee for his lovely Bedfellow.

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad!
This is a Man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old Father, my mistaken Eyes,
That have been so bedazled with the Sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old Grandfir, and withal make known
Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy Company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you merry Mistress,
That with your strange Encounter much amaz'd me:
My Name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visit
A Son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his Name?

Vin. *Lucentio*, Gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy Son;
And now by Law, as well as reverend Age,
I may entitle thee my loving Father:
The Sister of my Wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, she is of good Esteem,
Her Dowry wealthy, and of worthy Birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to see thy honest Son,
Who will of thy Arrival be full Joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your Pleasure,
Like pleasant Travellers to break a Jest
Upon the Company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, Father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the Truth hereof.
For our first Merriment hath made thee jealous. [Exit.

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this hath put me in Heart,
Have to my Widow, and if she be forward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward. [Exit.
Enter *Biondello*, *Lucentio* and *Bianca*, *Grmio* walking
on one Side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly Sir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, *Biondello*, but they may chance to need thee
at Home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, Faith, I'll see the Church o' your Back and
then come back to my Mistress as soon as I can. [Exit.

Gre. I marvel *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter *Petruchio*, *Katherina*, *Vincentio* and *Grmio*,
with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the Door, this is *Lucentio's* House,
My Father's bears more towards the Market-Place,

Thi-

Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not chuse but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelyhood some Cheer is toward. [Knock

Gre. They're busie within, you were best knock louder
[Pedant looks out at the Window

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down
the Gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a Man bring him a hundred Pound
two to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred Pounds to your self, he shall
not need as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your Son was below'd in *Padua*:
do you hear, Sir, to leave frivolous Circumstances;
I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from
Pisa, and is here at the Door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest, his Father is come from *Padua*, and
here looking out at the Window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, so his Mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentleman! why, this is flat
Knavery to take upon you another Man's Name.

Ped. Lay Hands on the Villain, I believe he means to
cozen some Body in this City under my Countenance.

Enter *Biondello*.

Bion. I have seen them in the Church together. God
send them good Shipping: But who is here? Mine old
Master *Vincentio*? Now we are undone, and brought to
nothing.

Vin. Come hither, Crackhemp. [Seeing *Biondello*

Bion. I hope I may chuse, Sir.

Vin. Come hither you Rogue, what have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no Sir: I could not forget you,
for I never saw you before in all my Life.

Vin. What, you notorious Villain, didst thou never
see thy Master's Father *Vincentio*?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old Master? Yes, mar-
ry, Sir, see where he looks out of the Window.

Vin.

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Vin. Is't so indeed? [*He beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a Mad-man will murder me.

Ped. Help, Son, help Signior *Baptista*.

Pet. Prethee, *Kate*, let's stand aside, and see the End of this Controversie.

Enter Pedant with Servants, Baptista and Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my Servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? Oh immortal Gods! Oh fine Villain, a filken Doublet, a velvet Hose, a scarlet Cloak and a copatain Hat: Oh I am undone, I am undone; while I play the good Husband at Home, my Son and my Servants spend all at the University.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the Man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient Gentleman by your Habit, but your Words shew you a Mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear Pearl and Gold; I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy Father! Oh Villain, he is a Sail-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir; pray what do you think is his Name?

Vin. His Name, as if I knew not his Name: I have brought him up ever since he was three Years old, and his Name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away mad Afs, his Name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine only Son, and Heir to the Lands of me Signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*! Oh he hath murdered his Master; lay hold on him I charge you in the Duke's Name; oh my Son, my Son, tell me, thou Villain, where is my Son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an Officer; carry this mad Knave to the Jail; Father *Baptista*, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to Jail?

Gre. Stay, Officer, he shall not go to Prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio*: I say he shall go to Prison.

Gre.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptista*, lest you be Cony-
catch'd in this Business; I dare swear this is the right
Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the Dotard, to the Jail with him.

Enter Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus Strangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh monstrous Villain,

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him
forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be*

Luc. Pardon, sweet Father,

[*Kneeling*

Vin. Lives my sweet Son?

Bion. Pardon, dear Father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right Son to the right *Vincentio*,
That have by Marriage made thy Daughter mine;
While counterfeit Supposers bleer'd thine Eye.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd Villain *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this Matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought these Miracles. *Bianca's* Love
Made me exchange my State with *Tranio*.

While he did bear my Countenance in the Town;

And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wished Haven of my Bliss;

What *Tranio* did, my self enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet Father, for my Sake.

Vin. I'll slit the Villain's Nose that would have sent me
to the Jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my
Daughter without asking my good Will?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptista*, we will content you, go to:
But I willin, to be reveng'd on this Villain.

[*Exit*

Bap. And I to sound the Depth of this Knavery.

[*Exit*

Luc.

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Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy Father will not frown.
[*Exeunt.*]

Gre. My Cake is Dough, but I'll among the rest,
Out of Hope of all, but my Share of the Feast. [Exit.]

Katb. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, *Kate*, and we will.

Katb. What, in the midst of the Street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Katb. No, Sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why then let's Home again: Come, Sirrah, let's
way.

Katb. Nay, I will give thee a Kiss; now pray thee
Love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet *Kate*;
Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.]



ACT V. SCENE. I.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio,
Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Katharina,
Gremio, Hortensio and Widow. *Tranio's Servants*
bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. **A**T last, tho' long, our jarring Notes agree;
And time it is when raging War is done,
To smile at 'Scapes and Perils over-blown.

My fair *Bianca*, bid my Father welcome,
While I with self-same Kindness welcome thine;

Brother *Petruchio*, Sister *Katharine*,
And thou *Hortensio*, with thy loving Widow;

Feast with the best, and welcome to my House,
My Banquet is to close our Stomachs up

After our great good Cheer: Pray you sit down,
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Rep. *Padua* affords this Kindness, Son *Petruchio*.

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our Sakes I would that Word were true.

Pet.

- Pet.* Now for my Life *Hortensio* fears his Widow.
Hor. Then never trust me if I be afraid.
Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my Sense.
 I mean *Hortensio* is afraid of you.
Wid. He that is giddy thinks the World turns round.
Pet. Roundly replied.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?
Hor. My Widow says, thus she conceives her Tale.
Pet. Very well mended, kiss him for that, good Widow.
Kath. He that is giddy thinks the World turns round.
 I pray you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your Husband being troubled with a Shrew,
 Measure's my Husband's Sorrow by his Woe;
 And now you know my Meaning.
Kath. A very mean Meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, *Kate*.
Hor. To her, Widow.
Pet. A hundred Marks, my *Kate* do put her down.
Hor. That's my Office.
Pet. Spoke like an Officer; ha, to thee Lad.
[Drinks to Hortensio]
Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quick witted Folks?
Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt Heads together we
Bian. Head, and but? an hasty-witted Body
 Would say, your Head and But were Head and Horn.
Vin. Ay, Mistress Bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll do
 again.
Pet. Nay, that thou shall not since you have begun.
 Have at you for a better Jest or two.
Bian. Am I your Bird: I mean to shift my Bush.
 And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.
 You are welcome all. [Exit Bianca, Kath. and Widow]
Pet. She hath prevented me. Here Signior *Tranio*,
 This Bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not,

Therefore a Health to all that shot and mis'd.

Tr. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
which runs himself, and catches for his Master.

Pet. A good swift Simile, but something currrish.

Tr. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your self:

'Tis thought your Deer does hold you at a Bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that Gird, good *Tranio*.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there?

Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confess;

and as the Jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now in good Sadness, Son *Petruchio*,

think thou hast the veriest Shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no; and therefore for Assurance,

let's each one send unto his Wife,

and he whose Wife is most obedient,

to come at first when he doth send for her,

shall win the Wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content, what's the Wager?

Luc. Twenty Crowns.

Pet. Twenty Crowns!

I'll venture so much on my Hawk or Hound,

but twenty times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, *Biondello*, bid your Mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[Exit.

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my self.

Enter *Biondello*.

How now, what News?

Bion. Sir, my Mistress sends you Word

that she is busie, and cannot come.

Pet. How? she's busie, and cannot come: Is that an
Answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too.

Pray

Pray God, Sir, your Wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah *Biondello*, go and intreat my Wife to come to me forthwith. [Exit *Biondello*]

Pet. Oh ho! intreat her! nay then she needs must come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my Wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly Jest in Hand, She will not come: She bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse, she will not come!

Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirrah *Grumio*, go to your Mistress,

Say I command her to come to me.

[Exit *Grumio*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler Fortune mine, and there's an end.

Enter Katharina.

Bap. Now, by my Hollidam, here comes *Katherine*.

Kath. What is your Will, Sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your Sister, and *Hortensio's* Wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the Parlour Fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come, Swinge me them soundly forth unto their Husbands: Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [Exit *Kath.*]

Luc. Here is a Wonder, if you talk of a Wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.

Pet. Marry, Peace it boads, and Love, and quiet Life, And awful Rule and right Supremacy: And to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio*; The Wager thou hast won, and I will add Unto their Losses twenty thousand Crowns, Another Dowry to another Daughter, For she is chang'd as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my Wager better yet, And show more Sign of her Obedience. Her new-built Virtue and Obedience.

Enter

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Enter Katharina, Bianca and Widow.

where she comes, and brings your froward Wives
Prisoners to her womanly Persuasions:

Katharine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
off with that Bauble, and throw it underfoot.

[*She pulls off her Cap and throws it down.*]

Wid. Lord, let me have a Cause to sigh,
I'll be brought to such a silly pass.

Bian. Fie, what a foolish Duty call you this?

Luc. I would your Duty were as foolish too:

The Wildom of your Duty, fair *Bianca*,
hath cost me an hundred Crowns since Supper-time.

Bian. The more Fool you for laying on my Duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee tell these headstrong Women,
that Duty they owe to their Lords and Husbands.

Wid. Come, come, your mocking; we will have no
slinging.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie, unknit that threatenng unkind Brow,
and dart not scornful Glances from those Eyes,
to wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor,
to blots thy Beauty, as Frosts bite the Meads,
to confounds thy Fame, as Whirlwinds shake fair Buds,
and in no Sense is meet or amiable.

A Woman mov'd is like a Fountain troubled,
muddy, ill seeming, thick, bereft of Beauty;
and while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
will dain to sip, or touch a drop of it.

thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
thy Head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee
and for thy Maintenance: Commits his Body
to painful Labour, both by Sea and Land;
to watch the Night in Storms, the Day in Cold,
while thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,
and craves no other Tribute at thy Hands,
but Love, fair Looks, and true Obedience;
too little Payment for so great a Debt.

such Duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
even such a Woman oweth to her Husband:

And

And when she is froward, peevish, fullen, sower,
 And not obedient to his honest Will;
 What is she but a foul contending Rebel,
 And graceless Traitor to her loving Lord?
 I am asham'd that Women are so simple,
 To offer War where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for Rule, Supremacy, and Sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our Bodies soft, and weak and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the World,
 But that our soft Conditions, and our Hearts,
 Should well agree with our external Parts?
 Come, come, you're froward and unable Worms,
 My Mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My Heart is great, my Reason haply more,
 To bandy Word for Word, and Frown for Frown;
 But now I see our Launces are but Straws,
 Our Strength is weak, our Weakness past compare,
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then vale your Stomachs, for it is no Boot,
 And place your Hands below your Husband's Foot:
 In token of which Duty, if he please,
 My Hand is ready, may it do him Ease.

Pet. Why, there's a Wench: Come on, and kiss me
Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old Lad, for thou shalt have.

Vin. 'Tis a good Hearing when Children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh Hearing when Women are froward.

Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to Bed,

We two are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the Wager, tho' you hit the White,

And being a Winner, God give you good Night.

[*Exit Petruchio and Kate*]

Hor. Now go thy Ways, thou hast tam'd a curst Shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a Wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd

[*Exeunt*]

F I N I S.



